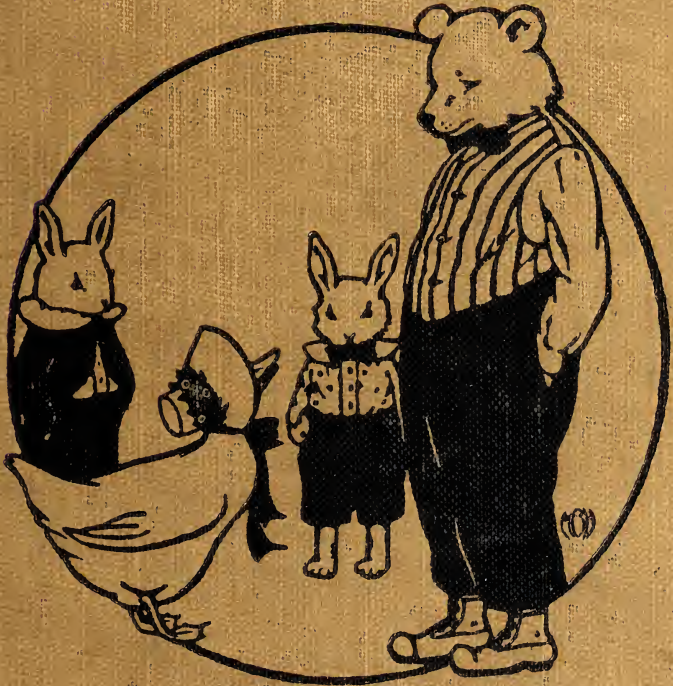


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THE NEW BARNES READERS BOOK ONE



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THE NEW BARNES READERS

FIRST YEAR—SECOND HALF

BOOK ONE

BY

HERMAN DRESSEL

SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS, KEARNY, N. J.

MAY ROBBINS

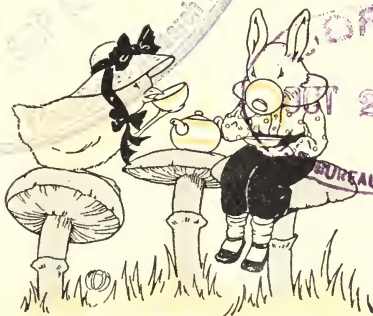
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SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS, OMAHA, NEBRASKA

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MABEL D. HILL



NEW YORK AND CHICAGO
THE A. S. BARNES COMPANY

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THE WOLF AND THE GOAT

WOLF — I am very hungry. I would like a fat goat to eat. There is one on that high rock. How can I get her? I will go and talk to her.

Good morning, Mrs. Goat.

GOAT — Good morning, Mr. Wolf.

WOLF — See the fine grass down here. Come and eat with me, Mrs. Goat.

GOAT — Thank you, Mr. Wolf. You like to eat goats as well as grass. I will stay up here. Run along, Mr. Wolf.

WOLF — Look out, Mrs. Goat! Some day I will get you.



CHICKEN LITTLE

I

Chicken Little was in the garden. A leaf fell on her tail.

“Oh, oh,” she said, “the sky is falling!”

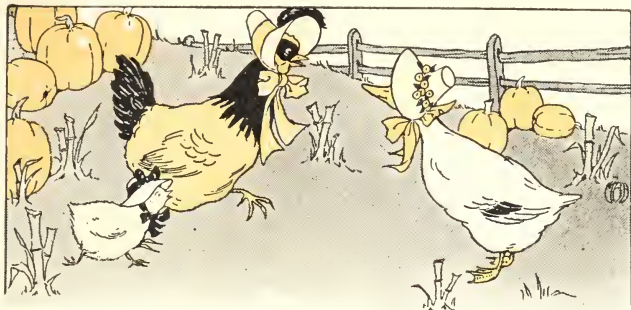
Away she ran to find Hen Pen.

“Oh, Hen Pen,” said Chicken Little, “the sky is falling!”

“How do you know?” said Hen Pen.

“Oh, I saw it with my eyes, I heard it with my ears, and part of it fell on my poor tail.”

“Let us run and tell the King,” said Hen Pen.



II

Chicken Little and Hen Pen ran till they met Duck Luck.

“Oh, Duck Luck,” said Hen Pen, “the sky is falling!”

“How do you know, Hen Pen?”

“Chicken Little told me.”

“How do you know, Chicken Little?”

“Oh, I saw it with my eyes, I heard it with my ears, and part of it fell on my poor tail.”

“I will run with you to the King,” said Duck Luck.



III

Chicken Little, Hen Pen and Duck Luck ran on. Soon they met Goose Loose.

“Oh, Goose Loose,” said Duck Luck, “the sky is falling!”

“How do you know, Duck Luck?” said Goose Loose.

“Hen Pen told me.”

“How do you know, Hen Pen?”

“Chicken Little told me.”

“How do you know, Chicken Little?”

“Oh, I saw it with my eyes, I heard it with my ears, and part of it fell on my poor tail.”

“Let me run with you to the King,” said Goose Loose.

IV

Then Chicken Little, Hen Pen, Duck Luck and Goose Loose ran till they saw Turkey Lurkey.

“Oh, Turkey Lurkey,” said Goose Loose, “the sky is falling!”

“How do you know, Goose Loose?” said Turkey Lurkey.

“Duck Luck told me.”

“How do you know, Duck Luck?”

“Hen Pen told me.”

“How do you know, Hen Pen?”

“Chicken Little told me.”

“How do you know, Chicken Little?”

“Oh, I saw it with my eyes, I heard it with my ears, and part of it fell on my poor tail.”

“We will run to the King,”
said Turkey Lurkey.





V

Chicken Little, Hen Pen, Duck Luck, Goose Loose and Turkey Lurkey ran till they met Fox Lox.

“Oh, Fox Lox,” said Turkey Lurkey, “the sky is falling!”

Fox Lox said, “How do you know, Turkey Lurkey?”

“Goose Loose told me.”

“How do you know, Goose Loose?”

“Duck Luck told me.”

“How do you know, Duck Luck?”

“Hen Pen told me.”

“How do you know, Hen Pen?”

“Chicken Little told me.”

“How do you know, Chicken Little?”

“Oh, I saw it with my eyes, I heard it with my ears, and part of it fell on my poor tail.”

“I will take you to the King,” said Fox Lox.

So Chicken Little, Hen Pen, Duck Luck, Goose Loose, and Turkey Lurkey ran after Fox Lox.

He took them into his den.

But they never came out.



THE CAT AND THE FOX

FOX — Good morning, friend,
how are you to-day?

CAT — I am well, thank you,
Mr. Fox.

FOX — Will you take a walk with me to-day?

CAT — I am afraid of the dogs, Mr. Fox.

FOX — I am not afraid. I know a hundred tricks. Dogs cannot catch me.

CAT — I know only one trick.

FOX — Only one? Then I must teach you some. Oh, there are the dogs! What shall we do?

CAT — I shall climb this tree. Then the dogs cannot get me.

FOX — What shall I do? I cannot climb. I do not know that trick.

CAT — You see my one trick is better than your hundred.



THE CLOUDS

White sheep, white sheep,
On a blue hill,
When the wind stops
You all stand still.

You walk far away,
When the winds blow;
White sheep, white sheep,
Where do you go?

OLD RHYME



THE GINGERBREAD MAN

I

An old woman and an old man lived in a little old house. They had one little boy.

One day the old woman was making gingerbread. "Make me a gingerbread man, mother," said the little boy.

So mother cut the gingerbread and put it in the oven. The little boy opened the oven door and looked in. Out jumped the Gingerbread Man. Away he ran.

The old woman, the old man and the little boy ran after him.

On went Gingerbread Man, shouting;

"Run, run, as fast as you can,
But you'll not catch the
Gingerbread Man."



II

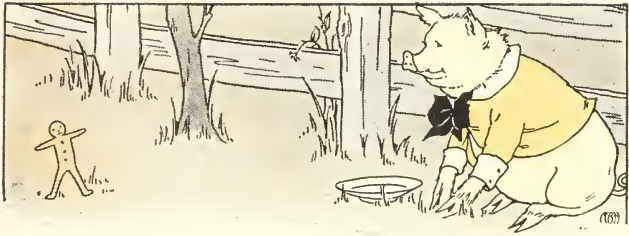
Soon Gingerbread Man met a bear. “Where are you going, Gingerbread Man?” said the bear.

“I’m running away from an old woman, an old man and a little boy, and I can run away from you, too.”

And on he went, calling;

“Run, Bear, run, as fast as you can,

But you’ll not catch the Gingerbread Man.”



III

Then Gingerbread Man met a pig. "Where are you going so fast?" said the pig.

"I'm running away from an old woman, an old man, a little boy and a bear, and I can run away from you, too,"

"I'll run with them," said the pig.

But on went Gingerbread Man, saying;

"Run, Pig, run, as fast as you can,

But you'll not catch the Gingerbread Man."



IV

Then a wolf came walking by. "Where are you going, Gingerbread Man?" said the wolf.

"I'm running away from an old woman, an old man, a little boy, a bear and a pig, and I can run away from you, too."

"Try it and see," said the wolf. And he ran, too.

But on went Gingerbread Man, shouting;

"Run, Wolf, run, as fast as you can,

But you'll not catch the Gingerbread Man."



V

Soon Gingerbread Man was seen by a fox.

“Where are you going, Gingerbread Man?” said the fox.

“I’m running away from an old woman, an old man, a little boy, a bear, a pig and a wolf, and I can run away from you, too.”

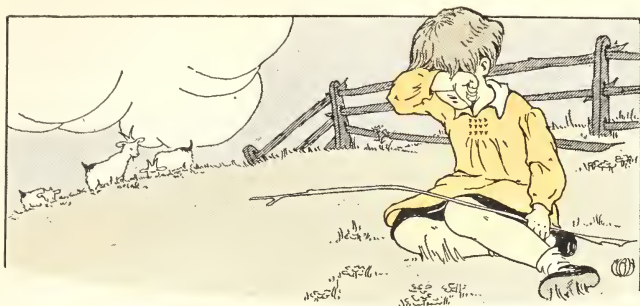
“What did you say, Gingerbread Man?” said the fox. “Come a little nearer. I cannot hear you.”

So Gingerbread Man came a little nearer the fox and called, “I’m running away from an old woman, an old man, a little boy, a bear, a pig and a wolf, and I can run away from you, too.”

“I cannot hear you,” said the fox. “Come nearer and talk in my ear.”

Gingerbread Man came close to the fox’s ear. And what do you think? The fox ate every bit of him.





THE BEE AND THE GOATS

I

Once a boy had three goats. One was a big goat. One was a middle-sized goat. And one was a little goat.

The boy lived near a hill. Every day he took the goats to the hill to eat the green grass.

One morning, on the way to the hill, the goats ran into a turnip field. The boy ran after the goats, but he could not get them out. So he sat down on the grass and cried.



II

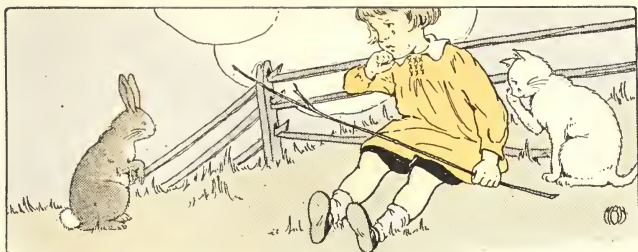
Along came a cat. “Why are you crying?” asked the cat.

“Oh, oh! My goats are in the turnip field. I ran and ran but I could not get them out,” cried the boy.

“I will do it for you,” said the cat.

So the cat ran after the goats, but she could not get them out.

Then she sat down on the grass and cried.



III

Soon a rabbit hopped by. "Why are you crying?" asked the rabbit.

"Oh," said the cat, "I cry because the boy cries."

"And I cry because I cannot get my goats out of the turnip field," said the boy.

"I will do it for you," said the rabbit.

The rabbit hopped after the goats, but he could not get them out.

So he sat down on the grass and cried, too.

IV

While they sat crying, along came a fox.

“Why are you crying?” asked the fox.

“Oh,” said the rabbit, “I cry because the cat cries.”

“And I cry because the boy cries,” said the cat.

“And I cry because I cannot get my goats out of the turnip field,” said the boy.

“I can get them out,” said the fox.



“Try it,” they said.

The fox ran, and ran, and ran, but he could not get the goats out of the turnip field.

So the fox sat down on the grass and cried too.



V

A little bee saw them crying. “Why are you crying?” said the bee.

“Oh,” said the fox, “I cry because the rabbit cries.”

“And I cry because the cat cries,” said the rabbit.

“And I cry because the boy cries,” said the cat.

“And I cry because I cannot get my goats out of the turnip field,” said the boy.

“I will get them out,” said the bee.

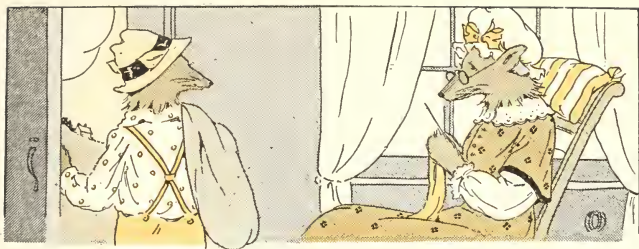
“You, you?” they all cried. “Can a little bee get three goats out of a turnip field?”

“Watch me and see,” said the bee.

Away flew the bee to the biggest goat’s back. Out of the field ran the biggest goat.

Away flew the bee to the middle-sized goat’s back. Out of the field ran the middle-sized goat.

Then on flew the bee to the little goat’s back. And away ran the little goat out of the turnip field.



RED HEN AND THE FOX

I

Red Hen lived in a little red house. Near the house lived Sly Fox. His mother lived with him.

One day Mother Fox said: "I want a hen to eat."

"Very well, Mother," said Sly Fox, "I will get one for you. Give me a bag. Have a pot of water hot."

Then Sly Fox went to Red Hen's house.

"I'll stay here till I see her," he said.



II

Red Hen was in her garden.
She saw Sly Fox.

“What shall I do?” she cried.
“I’ll fly up on my little house.
A fox cannot fly.”

When Sly Fox saw Red Hen
on the house, he said, “I’ll get
her now.”

So he ran round and round
the house. It made Red Hen
so dizzy that she fell off the
house.

Sly Fox put her into his bag
and away he ran.

III

Red Hen was so heavy that Sly Fox stopped to rest. Soon he was asleep.

“Now is my time,” said Red Hen.

She took her little scissors and cut a hole in the bag. Out she jumped and found a stone. She put the stone in the bag and tied up the hole.

Then home she ran and into the house she flew.

“He’ll not catch me again,” she said.



IV

Sly Fox opened his eyes. Then he picked up the bag and walked off.

“This Red Hen is heavy,” he said.

Mother Fox saw him coming.

“The water is hot,” she called. “Have you Red Hen?”

“Yes, Mother, in my bag,” he said.

“Hold the bag over the pot,” said Mother Fox. “Let Red Hen drop in.”

Sly Fox picked up the bag. Into the pot fell a big, big stone!





SLEEP, BABY, SLEEP

Sleep, baby, sleep!

Thy father guards the sheep.

Thy mother shakes the dream-
land tree.

A little dream falls down to
thee.

Sleep, baby, sleep.

Sleep, baby, sleep.

The large stars are the sheep.

The little stars are lambs, I
guess.

The bright moon is the shep-
herdess.

Sleep, baby, sleep.

FROM THE GERMAN



THE OLD WOMAN AND THE PIG

I

There was once an old woman. One day she found some money.

“I’ll buy a pig,” she said.

So the old woman bought a

fat pig. As she was walking home with her pig, they came to a fence. The pig would not jump over.

Along came a dog and the old woman said:

“Dog, dog, bite pig!

Pig won't jump over the fence,

And I shall not get home to-night.”

But the dog would not.

Then the old woman saw a stick and she said:

“Stick, stick, beat dog!

Dog won't bite pig,

Pig won't jump over the fence,

And I shall not get home to-night.”

But the stick would not.



Then the old woman called
to the fire:

“Fire, fire, burn stick!

Stick won't beat dog,

Dog won't bite pig,

Pig won't jump over the
fence,

And I shall not get home to-
night.”

But the fire would not.

Then she saw some water
near by, and said:

“Water, water, quench fire!

Fire won't burn stick,

Stick won't beat dog,

Dog won't bite pig,

Pig won't jump over the fence,

And I shall not get home to-
night.”

But the water would not.



III

An ox came walking by, and
the old woman called:

“Ox, ox, drink water!

Water won't quench fire,
Fire won't burn stick,
Stick won't beat dog,
Dog won't bite pig,
Pig won't jump over fence,
And I shall not get home to-
night."

But the ox would not.

Along came a butcher, and
the old woman called:

"Butcher, butcher, kill ox!

Ox won't drink water,

Water won't quench fire,

Fire won't burn stick,

Stick won't beat dog,

Dog won't bite pig,

Pig won't jump over the
fence,

And I shall not get home to-
night."

But the butcher would not.



IV

Then the old woman took a rope and said:

“Rope, rope, hang butcher!
Butcher won’t kill ox,
Ox won’t drink water,
Water won’t quench fire,
Fire won’t burn stick,
Stick won’t beat dog,

Dog won't bite pig,
Pig won't jump over the
fence,

And I shall not get home to-
night."

But the rope would not.

A rat ran under the fence.

The old woman called:

"Rat, rat, gnaw rope!

Rope won't hang butcher,

Butcher won't kill ox,

Ox won't drink water,

Water won't quench fire,

Fire won't burn stick,

Stick won't beat dog,

Dog won't bite pig,

Pig won't jump over the
fence,

And I shall not get home to-
night."

But the rat would not.



V

Then the old woman saw a cat and she said:

“Cat, cat, eat rat!”

“I will,” said the cat, “if you’ll give me a bit of cheese.”

So the old woman gave the cat a bit of cheese, and then —

The cat began to eat the rat,
The rat began to gnaw the
rope,

The rope began to hang the
butcher,

The butcher began to kill the
ox,

The ox began to drink the
water,

The water began to quench
the fire,

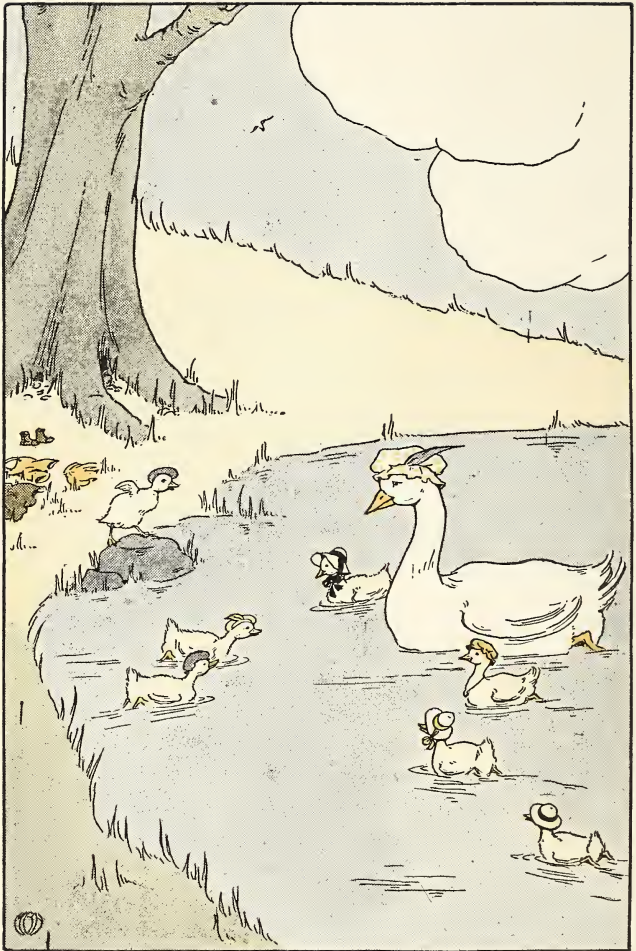
The fire began to burn the
stick,

The stick began to beat the
dog,

The dog began to bite the
pig,

The pig jumped over the
fence.

So the old woman and her
pig got home that night.





THE OLD GOOSE AND THE SEVEN GOSLINGS

I

There was once an old goose. She had seven little goslings, and she loved every one of them.

One day she said to her little ones, "I am going to find something to eat. Do not open the door while I am away. The old wolf might get in. He would eat you. You will know him by his rough voice and his black feet."

"We will not let him in, Mother," they all said. So the old goose went away.



II

Soon they heard some one at the door. A rough voice said, "Let me in, little ones. I am your mother. I have something for you to eat."

"No, no," cried the goslings. "You are not our mother. You have a rough voice. You are the wolf. You want to eat us."

Then the wolf ran away.

By and by he came again.
This time his voice was soft.

“Let me in, goslings,” he said.
“I am your mother. I have
something for you.”

But the little goslings saw
his black feet under the door.

“No, no,” they said. “Your
voice is soft, but your feet are
black. You are not our mother.
You are the wolf. You want
to eat us.”





III

The wolf ran off again. This time he put flour on his feet. Then he came back to the door.

“Open the door, little ones,” he said. “I am your dear mother. You may know me by my soft voice and my white feet.”

The goslings heard the soft voice. They saw the white feet.

“Yes, yes,” they all cried. This is our mother.”

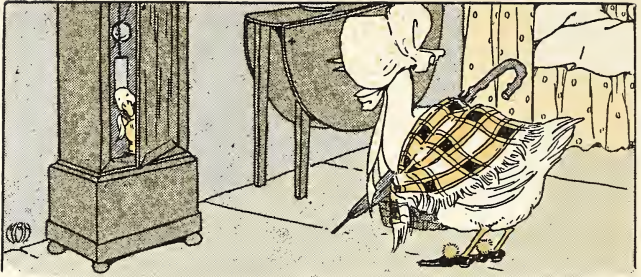
So they opened the door and in came a big wolf.

When the goslings saw the wolf they tried to hide.

One went under the table. One ran under the bed. One hid under a chair. One jumped into the oven. One flew to the loft. One hopped into the big bowl. The little one flew into the tall clock.

The old wolf found all but the little one. He ate them, feathers and all.





IV

Soon Mother Goose came home. The door was wide open. Not a gosling was in sight. She looked everywhere.

Then she heard a soft voice calling, "Mother, mother; here I am in the tall clock. The wolf has eaten your goslings. I am all that is left."

"Fly down to me, little gosling," said the mother. "Get my scissors, needle and thread. We will find the old wolf. He shall not have my little ones."

They ran as fast as they could. The old wolf was asleep by the brook.

“Sh-h-h,” said the mother.

“Snip, snip,” went the scissors.

Out hopped the six little goslings.

“Sh-h-h,” said the mother.

“Get six stones.”

They did as mother said. Mother filled the old wolf with the stones.

“Click, click,” went the needle.

“Now let us hide,” said the mother. “We will see what the wolf will do.”

Soon the wolf opened his eyes.

“These goslings are heavy,” he said. “They feel like stones. I’ll go to the brook and drink.”

He stooped to drink and into
the brook he fell.

Then out ran the old goose
and her seven little goslings.

“The wolf is dead,” they
cried.

“Hurrah!”





FARMER BROWN'S BIG PIG

I

Farmer Brown had two fine pigs. One was a big pig. One was a little pig.

One day the big pig said,

“Farmer Brown wants us to get fat. I know what that means. I shall run away. I want a home of my own. Will you go with me, little pig?”

“No,” said the little pig, “I will stay with Farmer Brown.”

“Then I’ll ask the ram,” said big pig.

“Friend Ram,” said the pig, “Will you run away with me? I want a home of my own. I will let you live with me.”

“How will you get through the gate?” asked the ram.

“You can push it open with your horns,” said the pig.

So the ram pushed the gate with his horns and broke it.

Then away to the woods ran the ram and the pig.



II

As they were running, they met a duck.

“Good morning, friends,” she said. “Why are you running away?”

“We are going to the woods to build a house,” said the pig. “The ram is going with me. We want a home of our own.”

“I would like to go with you,” said the duck.

“You may if you can help build the house,” said the pig.

“Oh, I can do that,” said the duck. “I can pick up leaves with my beak and stuff them into the cracks. Then the house will be warm.”

“You’re a good duck,” said the ram. “Come along.”

III

So the pig, the ram, and the duck went on.

Soon they met a mouse.

“Good morning, friends,” said the mouse. “Why are you running away?”

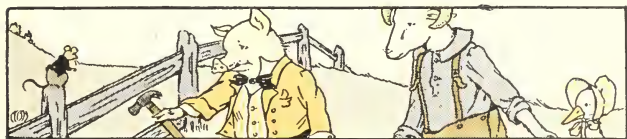
“We are going to the woods to build a house,” said the pig. “The ram and the duck are going with me. We want a home of our own.”

“May I go with you?” asked the mouse.

“You may if you can help,” said the pig. “What can you do?”

“I can gnaw pegs with my teeth. The ram can pound them into the wall with his horns.”

“That will help,” said the ram. “You may come with us.”



IV

So the pig, the ram, the duck and the mouse ran on.

Then they met an old dog.

“Good morning, friends,” said the dog. “Why are you running away?”

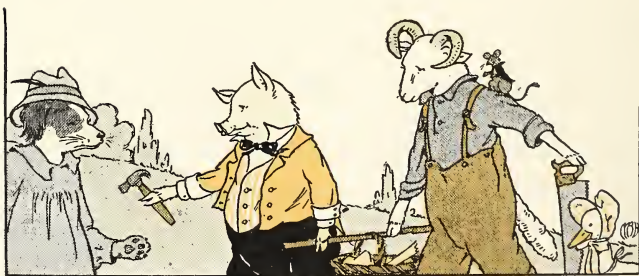
“We are going to the woods to build a house,” answered the pig. “The ram, the duck and the mouse are going with me. We want a home of our own.”

“I would like a home, too,” said the dog. “May I go with you?”

“What can you do to help build the house?” asked the ram.

“I cannot build,” said the dog. “But I can bark and keep the foxes away.”

“That is fine,” said the ram. “You may come with us.”





V

So the pig, the ram, the duck, the mouse and the dog ran on.

After a while they came to the woods. They found a fine place for the house.

The pig cut down the trees. The mouse gnawed the pegs. The ram pounded the pegs into the wall. The duck stuffed the cracks with leaves. The dog barked to keep the foxes away.

Soon they were safe and happy in their house.

They all said, "How fine it is to have a home of our own."



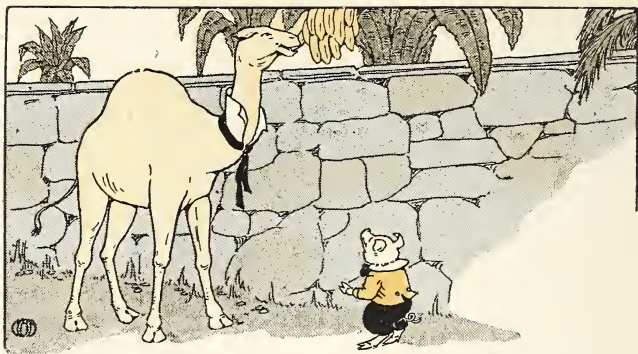
SWEET AND LOW

Sweet and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the western sea,
Low, low, breathe and blow,
Wind of the western sea!
Over the rolling waters go,
Come from the dying moon and
blow,
Blow him again to me;
While my little one, while my
pretty one, sleeps.



Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
 Father will come to thee soon,
Rest, rest, on mother's breast,
 Father will come to thee soon;
Father will come to his babe in
 the nest,
Silver sails all out of the west
 Under the silver moon;
Sleep my little one, sleep my
 pretty one, sleep.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON



THE TWO FRIENDS

I

A pig lived near a camel. They were good friends.

The pig was small. He was very proud of his little curly tail.

The camel was tall. He thought nothing was so fine as his hump.

One day the camel said to the pig, "I wish you would grow. To be tall is the best thing in the world."

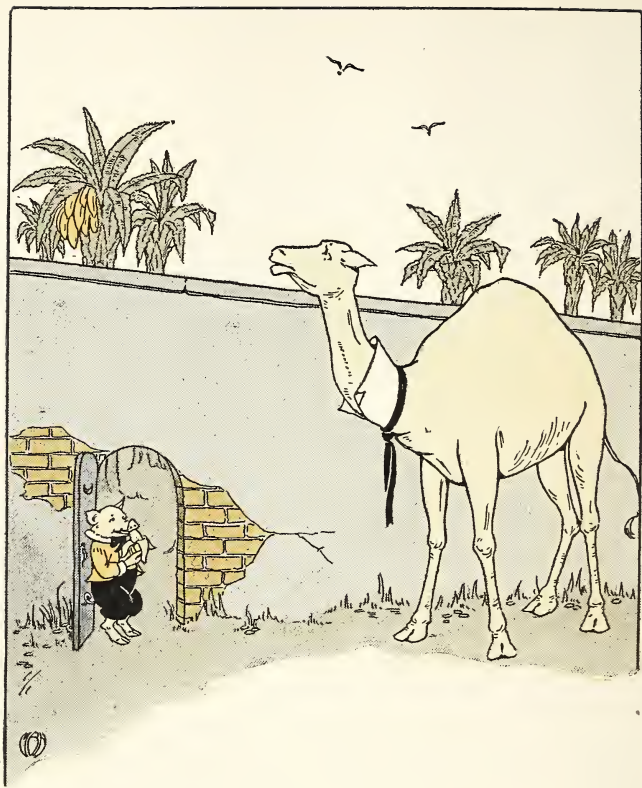
“I do not think so,” said the pig. “It is better to be short than tall.”

“Come with me,” said the camel. “I’ll show you that it is better to be tall than short. If I do not, I will give you my fine hump.”

The camel took the pig to a garden. There was a wall around it. The camel could look over the wall. There was no way for the pig to get in.

The camel put his head over the wall and ate all he wanted. The poor pig could not get a bite.

“What a fine dinner I have had,” said the camel. “You see now that it is better to be tall than short.”



II

“Not so fast,” said the pig. “I will show you that it is better to be short than tall. If I do not I will give you my beautiful curly tail.”

The pig took the camel to another garden. The camel could look in, but the good things were too far away. He could not get them. The pig ran in through a small gate. He ate and ate and ate.

When the pig came out he said, "Now you see it is better to be short than tall."

"Well," said the camel, "sometimes it is better to be short; sometimes it is better to be tall. I will keep my hump."

"Right," said the pig. "And I will keep my beautiful curly tail."

So the friends ran home, saying,

"To be as we are is the best thing in the world."

THE MOUSE SISTERS

I

Tit Mouse was Tat Mouse's sister. Tat Mouse was Tit Mouse's sister. So they both had a sister.

Tit Mouse lived in a house. Tat Mouse lived in a house. So they both lived in a house.

Tit Mouse was hungry, and Tat Mouse was hungry. So they both were hungry.

Tit Mouse stole an ear of corn. And Tat Mouse stole an ear of corn. So they both stole an ear of corn.

Tit Mouse made corn broth. Tat Mouse made corn broth. So they both made corn broth.

Tit Mouse put her broth on

the fire. She up-set the broth and burned herself to death. So Tat Mouse sat down and wept.

There was a little stool near. The little stool said,

“Tat, why do you weep?”

“Oh,” said Tat, “Tit is dead and so I weep.”

“Then,” said the stool, “I’ll hop.”

So the stool hopped.

There was a broom in the room. The broom said,

“Little stool, why do you hop?”

“Oh,” said the stool. “Tit is dead and Tat weeps. So I hop.”

“Then I’ll sweep,” said the broom.

So the broom swept.



II

The door saw the broom sweep. So the door said,

“Broom, why do you sweep?”

“Oh,” said the broom, “‘Tit is dead, and Tat weeps, and the stool hops, and so I sweep.”

“Then I’ll shut,” said the door. So the door shut.



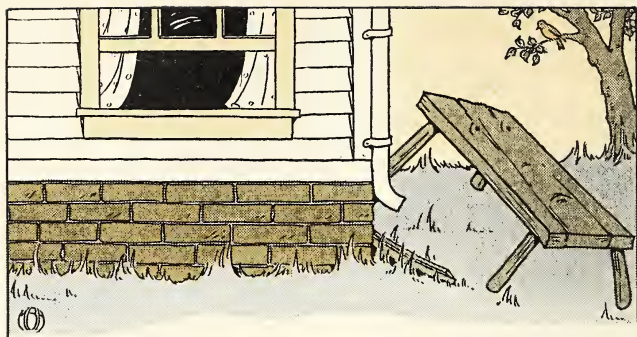
Then the window heard the door shut. And the window said,

“Door, why do you shut?”

“Oh,” said the door, “Tit is dead, and Tat weeps, and the stool hops, and the broom sweeps, and so I shut.”

“Then I’ll creak,” said the window.

So the window creaked.



There was an old bench near the house. The bench said,
“Window, why do you creak?”

And the window said,
“Oh, Tit is dead, and Tat weeps, and the stool hops, and the broom sweeps, and the door shuts, and so I creak.”

“Then I’ll run around the house,” said the bench.

So the bench ran around the house.

A robin in the tree saw the bench running.

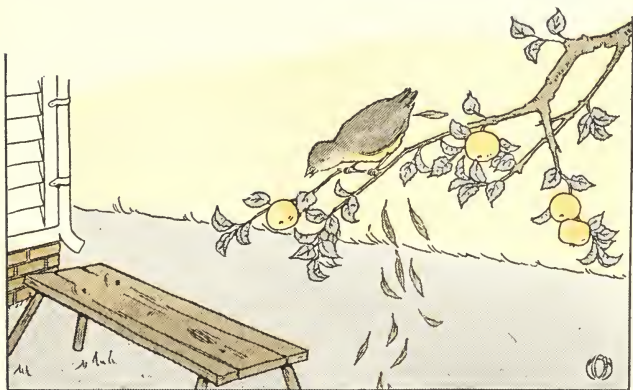
So the robin said,

“Bench, why do you run
around the house?”

And the bench said, “Oh,
Tit is dead, and Tat weeps, and
the stool hops, and the broom
sweeps, and the door shuts, and
the window creaks, and so I
run around the house.”

“Then I’ll shed my feathers,”
said the robin.

So the robin shed all his
feathers.



III

The tree saw the robin shedding feathers. So the tree said,

“Robin, why do you shed all your feathers?” And the robin said,

“Oh, Tit is dead, and Tat weeps, and the stool hops, and the broom sweeps, and the door shuts, and the window creaks, and the old bench runs around the house, and so I shed all my feathers.”

“Then I’ll drop my apples,” said the tree.

So the tree dropped all her apples.

Then the wind blew through the tree. And the wind said,

“Tree, why do you drop all your apples?”

And the tree said,

“Oh, Tit is dead, and Tat weeps, and the stool hops, and the broom sweeps, and the door shuts, and the window creaks, and the old bench runs around the house, and the robin sheds all his feathers, and so I drop all my apples.”

“Then I’ll blow,” said the wind.

So the wind blew the tree against the house, and over the old bench, and upset the door, and broke the window, and the house fell down.

And the stool and the broom and poor Tat Mouse were never seen again.



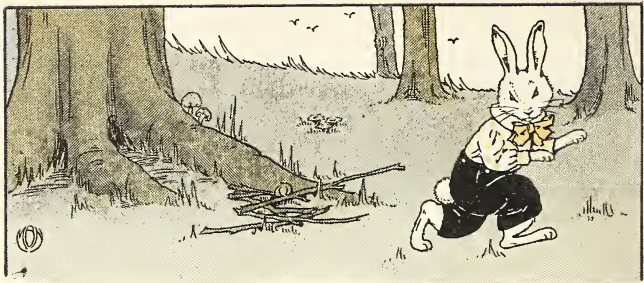
CRADLE SONG

What does little birdie say
In her nest at peep of day?
Let me fly, says little birdie,
Mother, let me fly away.
Birdie, rest a little longer,
Till the little wings are stronger,
So she rests a little longer,
Then she flies away.

What does little baby say,
In her bed at peep of day?
Baby says like little birdie,
Let me rise and fly away,
Baby, sleep a little longer,
Till the little limbs are stronger,
If she sleeps a little longer,
Baby, too, shall fly away.

From *Sea Dreams*. ALFRED TENNYSON.





THE RABBIT AND THE NUT

A fox once told a timid rabbit that sometime the sky would fall.

After that, whenever the rabbit heard a big noise he was afraid and when he heard a little noise he was afraid.

One day he was under a nut tree. A big nut fell on some sticks.

Away the rabbit ran, shouting, "Run, run, the sky is falling!"

Soon all the rabbits were run-

ning and calling, "Run, run, the sky is falling!"

Then the pig, the goat, the bear and the camel heard the cry. They ran, too, and shouted, "The sky is falling!"

The wise lion heard the cry.

"What is all this shouting about?" he asked.

"The sky is falling!" they all cried.

"Why do you think so?" asked the lion.

"I think so because the bear told me," said the camel.

"And I think so because the goat told me," said the bear.

"And I think so because the pig told me," said the goat.

"And I think so because the rabbits told me," said the pig.

“But who told the rabbits?” asked the lion.

“Oh, I did,” said the timid rabbit. “I heard a noise under the nut tree.”

“We will go and see,” said the lion. “Get on my back. Show me the tree.”

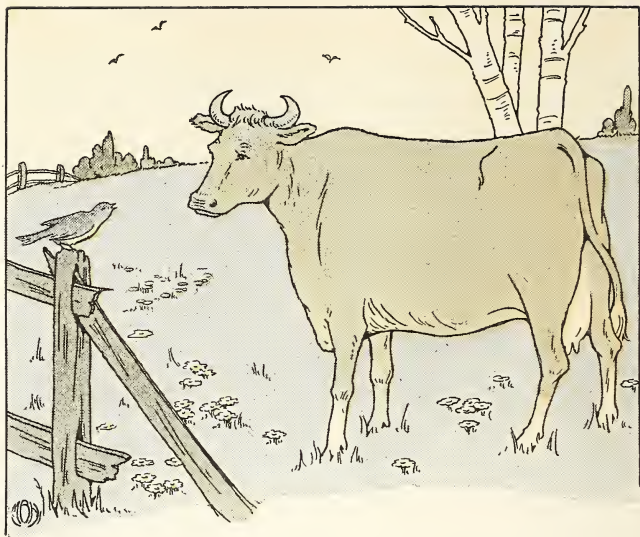
Away they ran to the nut tree.

“Foolish little rabbit,” said the lion. “Do you see that nut? It fell on the sticks and made the noise. Run back and tell the other animals.”

So the timid rabbit ran back and told the others that the sky was not falling.

If the lion had not been wise, the animals might be running still.





WHO STOLE THE BIRD'S NEST

I

“To-whit! to-whit! to-whee!
Listen to me. Who stole my
nest and my four little eggs?”

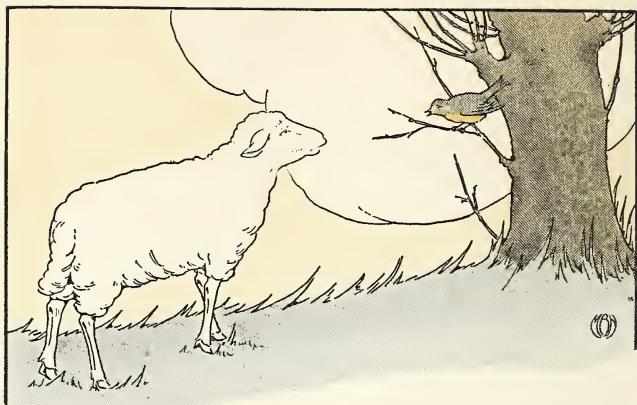
“Moo-oo! moo-oo! I did not,”
said the cow. “I gave you a
bit of hay to help make your
nest. I would not steal from
you.”



II

“To-whit! to-whit! to-whee! Listen to me. Who took my nest? And the little eggs I laid? Now I have no home. Who did it?”

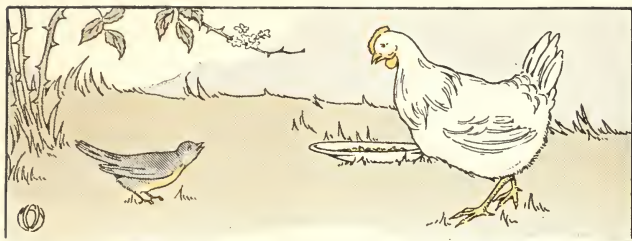
“Bow, wow! bow wow! Not I,” said the dog. “I would not be so mean. I gave hairs to line your nest. Do you think I would take it? Not I.”



III

“To-whit! to-whit! to-whee!
Listen to me. Who stole my
nest and my four little eggs?
Now I shall have no home
and no baby birds. Who stole
them?”

“Baa! baa! baa! I would not
do such a thing,” said the sheep.
“Oh, no! I gave wool to help
line the nest. And can you
think I would take it? Oh,
no!”



IV

“To-whit! to-whit! to-whee! Listen to me. Who stole my eggs and my pretty nest? What shall I do without my home and my little eggs? Who stole them?”

“Cluck! cluck! cluck!” said the hen. “Why do you ask again? I haven’t a little chick that would be so mean. We gave you some feathers to make your nest soft. I know how a mother bird feels about her eggs. Cluck! cluck! Don’t ask me again!”



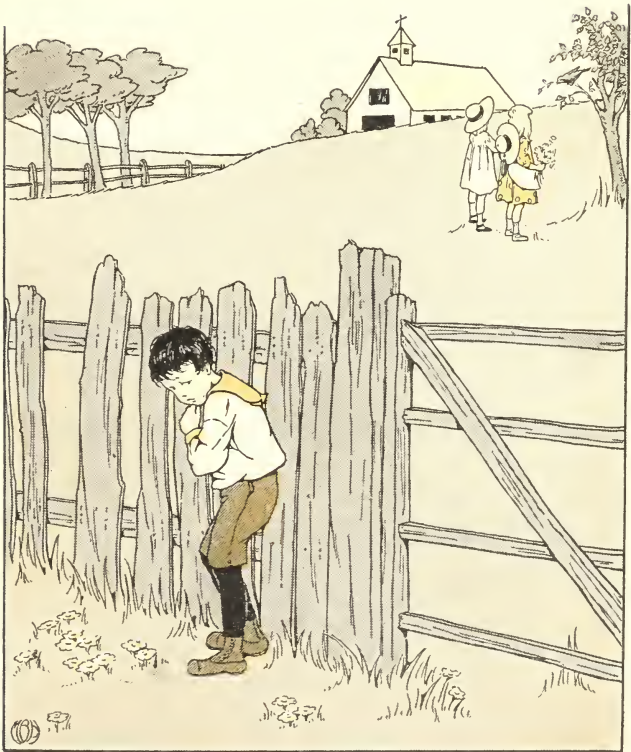
V

“To-whit! to-whit! to-whee!
Listen to me. Who stole my
beautiful nest? Who stole my
four little eggs? Did you know
they were my little baby birds?
Who stole my nest and eggs?”

“I would not rob a bird,” said
Alice. “I never heard of any-
thing so mean.”

“It was very cruel, too,” said Mary. “Think how sad the mother bird feels.”

But John hung his head and hid behind the fence. For he knew who stole the nest.



OUR MOTHER

Hundreds of stars in the clear
blue sky,
Hundreds of shells on the shore
together,
Hundreds of birds that go sing-
ing by,
Hundreds of bees in the sunny
weather,
Hundreds of dewdrops to greet
the dawn,
Hundreds of lambs in the purple
clover,
Hundreds of butterflies on the
lawn,
But only one mother the wide
world over.

ANONYMOUS.

The poems "Sweet and Low" and "Our Mother" are to be used for memory work, therefore the new words are not listed. (See Manual.)

WORD LIST

This list comprises the new words used in Book One. Words which have already been used in the Primer are not included. The words are grouped under the name of the story in which they first appear.

The Wolf and the Goat

fat	sky
rock	know
high	eye
talk	ear
Mrs.	part
stay	poor
along	king
<hr/>	
	luck

Chicken Little

	fall
chicken	Goose Loose
garden	Turkey Lurkey
leaf	Fox Lox
tail	after
	never

The Cat and the Fox

cat
to-day
afraid
hundred
trick
catch
only
teach
shall
climb
better

The Clouds

cloud
sheep
blue
wind
stop
still

The Gingerbread Man

an
old
gingerbread
oven
open
shout
fast
you'll
from
say
try
seen
near
hear
close
think
every
bit

The Bee and the Goats

grow

field

cry

because

cries

while

bee

watch

flew

why

tied

pick

hold

over

drop

Sleep, Baby, Sleep

thy

guard

shake

dreamland

large

lamb

star

guess

bright

moon

shepherdess

Red Hen and the Fox

bag

dizzy

heavy

stone

rest

scissors

hole

*The Old Woman and the
Pig*

money
buy
fence
bite
won't
beat
to-night
quench
burn
ox
drink
butcher
hang
cheese
began

*The Old Goose and the
Seven Goslings*

gosling
love
might
rough
voice
dear
hide
hid
loft
clock
feather
wide
sight
everywhere
tall
left
needle

thread
brook
snip
fill
these
click
stoop
feel
dead
hurrah

Farmer Brown's Big Pig

farmer
ram
wood
mean
own
through
gate
push

horn
answer
leaves
beak
stuff
crack
you're
warm
peg
teeth
pound
wall
keep
place
bark
safe
happy
their

The Two Friends

camel
small
proud
curl
hump
wish
best
world
short
show
head
beautiful
right

The Mouse Sisters

Tit
Tat
Sister

both
stole
corn
broth
up-set
self
death
wept
stool
weep
broom
room
sweep
swept
shut
creak
window
bench
robin

shed
drop
wind
against

Cradle Song

cradle
song
birdie

peep
nest
rest
long
strong
rise
limb
if

The Rabbit and the Nut

timid
nut
wise
about
foolish
animal
other

Who Stole the Bird's Nest

to-whit
to-whee
listen
egg
moo
cow
steal

Who Stole the Bird's Nest

(continued)

laid

bow-wow

hair

line

baa

wool

cluck

haven't

rob

Alice

anything

cruel

Mary

John

knew

hung

behind

A a

B b

C c

D d

E e

F f

G g

H h

I i

J j

K k

L l

M m

N n

O o

P p

Q q

R r

S s

T t

U u

V v

W w

X x

Y y

Z z



